

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

*He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.—Jesus Christ.
Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her
plagues.—A Voice from Heaven.*

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THE POWERS THAT BE.

BY ELDER E. L. SLOAN.

Though God's direct manifestation of power has been strikingly illustrated in the history of his people, yet his broader course is of a general nature. Unseen by man, he holds the direction of nations and works out the destiny of the world. To bring to pass his holy designs, matured in the councils of eternity, indirect as well as direct means are employed, and instruments are chosen who perceive not that they are held in the hands of the Divine Master. Serious reflections grow out of these considerations concerning how far he will in his general course display his almighty power in crushing error, with all its dark array of despotism, misery, misrule, superstition, and high-handed rebellion against the Majesty of heaven.

A superficial observer can see naught in the seemingly mighty power of the nations but tremendous armaments supplied with all the munitions of war, gallant fleets riding triumphantly on the ocean waves, or sleeping on the breast of the blue deep in treacherous calm, ready to hurl from their bowels death and desolation in an angry storm of iron,—commerce extending its ramifications to every land and every clime, opening up new worlds in the uncultivated wastes of nature for the sinewy sons of toil to take possession of, and all the evidences of wealth and greatness that firmly established

power can produce. Such an observer can see no means by which God's purposes can be accomplished, unless he should descend in the whirlwind of his fury and in an hour lay in desolation the accumulated resources and power of centuries. When the judgments seem to linger, and his anticipations of speedy destruction are not fully confirmed, he stumbles in his blindness from the miry brink of blind belief into the slough of unbelief. With these introductory remarks before us, let us calmly and intelligently enquire into the *reality* of the power and greatness of the nations, and whether they are occupying the progressive scale, or are in reality retrograding with fearful rapidity.

To arrive at this point by the easiest method, we will take two distinct periods of half-a-century asunder—say 1808 and 1858. If in the latter period the nations possess more real power, and all the accompaniments of greatness manifested by a capability of accomplishing more for the amelioration or even destruction of mankind, without the exhaustion of such means used being deeply felt, we must admit that they are advancing in that which constitutes power and greatness. But if, on the contrary, we find, despite all the magniloquent tirades on the rapidly developing powers of the age,

their boasted knowledge hollow at the core—their seeming greatness but the sparkling paste that counterfeits the genuine diamond—their magnified resources and armies melting away beneath incompetency and imbecility—the vaunts of their boasted prowess but the dull echoes of the past, and every effort to sustain their prestige telling with fearful distinctness on their overpowered and struggling populations, we must come to the conclusion that their days are numbered, and that the purposes of Him “by whom kings rule and princes decree justice” are being rapidly worked out by natural means.

Let us look at the aspect of affairs at the beginning of the present century. Then all Europe stood convulsed in one desperate death-grapple. War, with all its train of grizzly horrors, stalked unchecked from land to land, and the hosts of the mighty were but the sport and playthings of the war-spirit that reigned triumphant. France had been drenched in blood in the pursuit of that liberty she knew not how to obtain. Assembled Europe professed to stand transfixed with horror at the bloody regicides and their sanguinary deeds, and simultaneously had arisen to hurl a fearful vengeance on the daring despisers of the “divine right of kings.” War with the infant republic was declared, to crush it in embryo and restore the fallen fortunes of the imbecile Bourbons. Foremost in the struggle appeared Britain, the avowed enemy of despotism, to punish those who had freed themselves from a galling despotism, though widely and bloodily done. Then the horrors of war in all their heart-rending sublimity appeared, as country after country was made the theatre of its bloody desolations. The same talent and energy that had carried the French revolution through its sanguinary career successfully maintained the contest with their multiplied foes, and, instead of being crushed by the powers opposed to them, struck terror into the hearts of the nations. Europe became for a time the arena in which England and France fought the battle of nations, the world as spectators, and the powers of Europe the vacillating auxiliaries. Spurred on by dread of the might of France, purchased by Britain’s gold, and led on by her steady and determined action, they banded together to curb the alarming greatness and ambition of France and Napoleon. Nor

was the “tug of war” confined alone to Europe. The East and the West became involved in the vortex. The nation of the “stars and stripes”—then unstained by the foul blots that have since darkened its folds—entered the arena of contest and added to the work of desolation and destruction. On, on rushed the tempest of war. Before it noble cities, smiling landscapes, peaceful homesteads, and happy families; behind it blackened walls, sodden fields red with human blood, mansions and villages charred and blackened, woe, wailing, misery, and destitution, till after well nigh a quarter-of-a-century of the bloodiest picture the roll of time can unfold, the fearful results are in part made manifest in the following summing up of a writer on the subject:—“Nearly six millions of human beings perished in the field of battle, or by the wounds received there: as many more fell the victims of fire, pestilence, shipwreck, and famine, the consequences of the war; while nearly an equal number were destroyed by civil feuds, political executions or imprisonments, or by the secret miseries occasioned by blasted hopes and ruined fortunes;” forming a total of *eighteen millions* who perished by this terrific war-storm. By some it is concluded that this is under the mark. Peace then dawned upon the broken nations; and for almost forty years were they permitted to enjoy that boon, to recruit themselves and improve in all the blessings peace produces. How far they have succeeded in improving that opportunity we will shortly see.

Thus, then, in 1808 we find the nations engaged in this mighty struggle. It had continued for sixteen years, and for seven more did they ceaselessly wage it. To give a still clearer idea of the power wielded in the conflict, it might be stated that at that time Prussia could send over three hundred thousand men into the field, Austria a still greater number, after having armies of eighty and a hundred thousand defeated again and again; Spain and Portugal were both able to raise mighty hosts; Russia, the Colossus of the north; and her Danish and Swedish neighbours could pour forth hordes to the conflict; the United States of America were united, and were mighty in that union; France had far over half-a-million effective men, with munitions of war to an enormous extent; while Britain could sustain immense fleets at sea and armies

on land, and scatter her gold profusely through the world,—in one instance undertaking to pay annually six millions and a quarter for five hundred thousand men to be kept in the field by her allies. Having thus arrived at an idea of the strength, power, and greatness of the nations at our first period, let us pass on to very near the second, when the flames of war again burst forth,—first glancing at the lengthened peace they enjoyed and its fruits. By peace is not meant entire cessation from war; petty broils and insignificant contests, when placed in juxtaposition with such mighty conflicts, being regarded as comparative peace.

During the forty years spoken of, the mighty power of steam was developed, the magic wonders of electricity became a matter of every day-use, and a thousand other things were discovered and brought into use, which might have and will become a real benefit to mankind when subjected to the control of righteousness. But, amid all progress and development of intellect, there ran a deadening current which has sapped the foundations of the mighty fabric. If progress in science has been made, it has been applied to the vilest purposes, and has been fully equalled by advancement in everything calculated to debase and degrade mankind, till it is no vain assertion to say that the present generation is as far behind that of half-a-century ago as boyhood is behind manhood in strength and muscular energy.

Again, before testing the results of their advancement (?) by the trial of their power, let us glance at the contrast between half-a-century ago and now, in another point of view. Then the Senate chambers of the United States were graced by the truest patriots and friends of freedom—by the wisdom of the sage and the far-seeing eye and clear mind of the profound statesman—by men who lived but to do good and scatter the seeds of human freedom, and in whose bosoms selfishness was a stranger. Now they are disgraced by the brawler, the place-hunter, and the blackleg. Instead of the wisdom of deep consultation, is to be heard the noise of violent altercation and recrimination, mixed with unmanly and bloody assaults. Then there was the noble spectacle of the Federal States bound in one common band of union; now the painful reality is, those states, increased in number and magnitude, are torn asunder

by party spirit and disunion. If they unite now in any purpose, it is the unholy one of trying to wrest the rights and liberties from those whose venerated sires bled and died for that union. That confederacy now sits upon a deadly mine. One spark may ignite the mass, and the North and South grappling in the dying struggle will sink prostrate, overwhelmed in the fragments of their own ruined greatness. Half-a-century ago, Russia, though ignorant, was contented and ready to put forth her mighty energies at the unquestioned nod of her despot; and though her progress in knowledge has been great, that progress has awakened her children to a sense of their condition, causing them to make the huge Colossus tremble to its bounds by their demands for liberty and their rights as human beings, and preparing the way for the standard of freedom and truth soon to be borne triumphantly over the nations. Half-a-century ago, France had internal strength and self-power in her centre (the wealth of nations being seized to assist her efforts), and a galaxy of military talent, of which the world has rarely, if ever, witnessed the equal, gathered together. Now, though governed by a mixture of craft and wisdom, with apparent tranquillity and advancement resulting from it, yet it is the calm preceding the hurricane's fury; for deep dissatisfaction and a stern revolutionary spirit are again growing up within her that shall cause kingdoms to quake and thrones to totter in the dust, while her own powers are exhausted in the effort.

Half-a-century ago, England had freshness, wealth, and sinew. Now, her sons are becoming enfeebled; and, despite her apparent magnificence, gnawing poverty and misery are eating at her core. Governed by imbecility and faction, the wailing cry of her suffering millions ring in the ears of their oppressors unheeded. Rebellion and contests are rapidly draining her internal resources, while her prestige of prowess is gone, and her armies are being recruited by starving, overgrown boys. The same remarks apply with equal force and justness to all the others that make up the category of independent powers. Scheming, devising, conferring, and using all the wiles and sinuosities of diplomacy to preserve the "balance of power," they watch each other with fearful anxiety, lest they should be

swept from existence and numbered among the powers that have been. Vain watching! Useless carefulness! "The balance of power" God holds. The scales of justice hang down from heaven. Weighed therein, they are found wanting. These same enfeebled powers will put forth all their energies in one mad struggle, and, making the world tremble at its fierceness, with a convulsive start, will expire and utter their last dying shriek.

As a proof that the rapid retrogression of the "powers that be" is no mere conceit, let us now come to the test of power in the late struggle between the great modern giants of war. Hardly had the ocsin of war sounded between Russia and Turkey, ere the western powers sprang to the fight, like Titans, after an invigorating rest. Vaunting themselves upon what they *had done*, they rushed eagerly to the fray, while Russia awaited their approach, believing herself invincible. Expedition after expedition was sent forth, to end in inglorious futility. Host after host was pushed across the vast plains of Eastern Europe, to perish beneath a Crimean sky; and army after army was led from Western Europe to the same fatal spot, to rot by disease or pass away by the inclemency of the seasons. Valiant men, strong and robust, the flower of their respective countries, sank down and died, weeping like children at the sufferings they were forced to endure. What a fearful cry rang through the land when over twenty thousand of Britain's bravest soldiers were struck down by the fell destroyer! How distinctly did that loss tell upon her waning strength, while the millions expended in the brief but deadly struggle swelled still greater her enormous national debt and the miseries of her people! How fearfully did the mighty losses of Russia bear upon her resources, while all were equally glad to quit the fray!

But this war was not merely a trial of strength and a waste of the powers engaged. Weighty results were to flow from it,—none of the least being an opening of the way for Judah to return to the land of his sires—Judah, who has long suffered the penalty of broken laws and neglected covenants,—Judah, whose chequered past and present might well be a lesson to these boastful, God-neglecting powers,—Judah, whose glorious future warms the heart of Israel, and whose

predicted punishment, so surely received, gives a cheering assurance of her blessings being as certainly bestowed. One result of that war, then, was, that the Jews obtained the privilege of possessing landed property in Palestine, granted by the firman of the Sultan,—a privilege denied them for centuries, and another confirming testimony that God's designs are being rapidly and surely brought to pass. But to return to our subject. There needs no clearer demonstration of the retrogression of the nations than the fact that, after almost forty years of peace, a war, scarcely the tenth in duration of that which raged when this century commenced, with not a tenth of the loss in men or means, was sufficient to shake the nations to the centre and spread almost universal misery by its results.

That the judgments of God falling upon the nations in other forms have materially tended to hasten their downfall is evident to every one who possesses the Spirit of Truth. Famine, pestilence, earthquakes, storms, and the wild raging of the angry elements have done their work. But the wisdom (†) of the nineteenth century can account for all this very satisfactorily upon natural principles,—and rightly too, to some extent. Is not the great Jehovah the "God of nature?" Are not all the ramifications of nature obedient to his will? Yet, though they may cry, "Sanatory reform!" and grind pills by the bushel, when the angel of pestilence takes his flight through the land, who can stay his career? Though they may cry "Cultivate!" yet, when the earth refuses to yield her increase, who can compel her to bring forth?

The argument might be adduced, that the world was always cursed with these plagues, and that their presence now is no proof of the retrogression of the nations through Divine anger resting upon them. But it is not the fact of the earth's suffering by these plagues in isolated cases that we have to look at, but the equal fact of an accumulation of them being hurled upon one generation. The demons of desolation are, in unparalleled numbers, with unequalled fury, raging among the nations. A universal fear is felt of something direful impending, as the future looms up dark and lowering. It would be an almost endless task to enumerate all the causes that are at work to destroy the "powers that be." Commercial dishonesty, reckless

speculation, intense selfishness, imbecile statesmanship, rebellion, and a thousand other sources of abasement make up the grand whole. The Master who has set the machine in motion has it under complete control and will accomplish all he has designed.

Enough has been advanced to prove that upon natural principles, as they are termed, the nations are fast hastening to their end, so that a new order of things may be introduced, which shall produce the opposite of what now exists, and happiness, peace, joy, union, righteousness, and justice take the place of misery, war, mourning, strife, and injustice, that the earth may be cleansed from the pollutions which now disgrace its surface, and wickedness, disorder, and abominations be swept from existence. Add to these causes the extraordinary judgments spoken of by the Prophets, and we have sufficient groundwork for belief that soon "the powers that be" shall be numbered with the past, and that God will lay the "pride and glory of the nations low in the dust."

There are two potent influences at work upon the earth: one, the power of iniquity, that so far reigns triumphant and directly produces all the miseries cited; and the other, the power and authority of God that is engaged in gathering together the honest in heart and raising up a holy people to the Mighty One of Jacob. When these influences have accomplished their work, then will come a day such as the world never saw and never will see again. As the children of men fill up the cup of their iniquities, God's

judgments will descend more fiercely and thickly; and when the people of God are prepared to enjoy the presence of the Son, then shall the burning wrath of the Almighty sweep the wicked from before his presence and the earth be purified and made fit for a higher order of beings. While he is working by his instruments among the children of men, not only is their power being weakened for the final struggle, but these instruments are working out their own punishment. Herein is God's wisdom made strikingly manifest. And on the opposite hand, here is something glorious for a Saint to live for—that when we are pure enough to bear his glory, when he has sat like "a refiner of silver" till he can see his image *reflected back*, then shall the wicked be destroyed and the Saints rejoice for evermore, basking in the sunshine of the Eternal's smiles. With such a motive to prompt us on, every true Saint of God in whose bosom burns the Spirit of truth will work unceasingly, day and night, that Zion may be purified—that she may stand forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," and that the glory of God may rest as a shining fire upon every dwelling within her borders, while her walls are encompassed about by his majesty and power. Hasten on thy work, O God, till the "powers that be" crumble in the dust, and thy power be not only felt but acknowledged by all,—when the earth shall be consecrated to thee, purified and renewed, and the knowledge of thee shall cover it as the waters do the channel of the mighty deep.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

(Continued from page 744.)

[April, 1843.]

[Conference re-assembled at three o'clock, p.m.]

Patriarch Hyrum Smith commenced by saying that he had some communication to make to the Conference on stealing, and he would do it while waiting for Joseph, and referred to the article in the last number of the *Wasp*. Said he, I have had an interview

with a man who formerly belonged to the Church. He revealed to me that there is a band of men, and some who pretend to be strong in the faith of the doctrine of the Latter-day Saints; but they are hypocrites, and some who do not belong to the Church, who are bound together by secret oaths, obligations, and penalties to keep the secret; and they hold that it is right to steal from any one who does not belong to

the Church, provided they consecrate one-third of it to the building of the Temple. They are also making bogus money.

This man says he has become convinced of the error of his ways and has come away from them to escape their fury. I wish to warn you all not to be duped by such men, for they are the Gadlions of the last days.

He then read from the *Wasp*, as republished from the *Times and Seasons*, his own affidavit and the proceedings of the authorities of the Church generally, dated Nov. 26, 1841. The man who told me said, "This secret band refer to the Bible, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and Book of Mormon to substantiate their doctrines; and if any of them did not remain steadfast, they ripped open their bowels and gave them to the cat-fish." But no such doctrines are taught in those books.

They say that it has been taught from this stand that they are the little foxes that spoil the vines, and the First Presidency are the big foxes; and the big foxes wanted the little foxes to get out of the city and spread abroad, so that the big foxes might have a chance; which everybody knows is false. All these things are used to decoy the foolish and unwary.

I will mention two names—David Holman and James Dunn. They were living in my house. I went to them and asked them if they were stealing for a livelihood? Holman confessed that he had stolen from the world, not from the brethren. I told them to get out of my house. David asked me to forgive him, and he lifted his hands towards heaven and swore, if I would forgive him, he would never do so again. Soon after he went to Montrose, where he was found stealing salt. He then stole a skiff and came across the river, stole a barrel of flour that had just been landed from a steamer, rowed down the river to Keokuk and sold the flour for \$2.00, saying he had picked it up in the river, and it was likely a little damaged, got his pay, and went his way. Dunn would not promise to quit stealing, but said he would go to St. Louis. I tell you to-day, the man that steals shall not long after be brought to the Penitentiary. They will soon be brought to condign punishment. I demand, in the presence of God, that you will exert your wit and your power to bring such characters to justice. If you do not, the curse of God will rest upon you. Such things would ruin any people. Should I catch a Latter-day Saint stealing, he is the last man to whom I would show mercy.

President Joseph Smith said, I think it best to continue this subject. I want the Elders to make honourable proclamation abroad concerning what the feelings of the

First Presidency are; for stealing has never been tolerated by them. I despise a thief. He would betray me if he could get the opportunity. I know that he would be a detriment to any cause; and if I were the biggest rogue in the world, he would steal my horse when I wanted to run away.

It has been said that some were afraid to disclose what they knew of these secret combinations; consequently I issued a proclamation, which you may read in the *Wasp*, Number 48. If any man is afraid to disclose what he knows about this gang of thieves, let him come to me and tell me the truth, and I will protect him from violence. *Thieving must be stopped.*

Opportunity was then offered to the Elders to bring forward their appeals from other Conferences; but no case was presented.

President Joseph Smith continued his remarks and said, It is necessary that I make a proclamation concerning Keokuk and also in relation to the economy of the Church on that side of the river.

The Governor of Iowa has issued a writ in the same manner that Carlin did, and it is now held in Iowa as a cudgel over my head. I was told by the United States Attorney that the Governor of Iowa had no jurisdiction after the decision of the Supreme Court, and that all writs thus issued were legally dead. Appeals have been made to Governor Chambers; but although he has no plausible excuse, he is not willing to kill that writ or to take it back. I will therefore advise you to serve them a trick that the Devil never did,—i. e., come away and leave them; come into Illinois, pay taxes in Illinois, and let the Iowegians take their own course. I don't care whether you come away or not, I do not wish to control you; but if you wish for my advice, I would say, Let every man, as soon as he conveniently can, come over here; for you can live in peace with us. We are all green mountain boys—Southerners, Northerners, Westerners, and every other kind of ers, and will treat you well: and let that Governor know that we don't like to be imposed upon.

In relation to Keokuk, it has been supposed that I made a great bargain with a certain great man there. In the beginning of August last, a stranger came to my house, put on a very long face, and stated that he was in great distress—that, he was a stranger in this city, and having understood that I was benevolent, he had come to me for help. He said that he was about to lose \$1,400 of property at Sheriff's sale for \$300 in cash; that he had money in St. Louis, which he expected in two or three days; that the sale would take place the next day; and that he wanted to hire some money for

two or three days. I thought on the subject over night, and he came the next morning for an answer. I did not like the looks of the man; but thought I, he is a stranger. I then reflected upon the situation that I had frequently been placed in, and that I had often been a stranger in a strange land, and whenever I had asked for assistance I had obtained it; and it may be that he is an honest man; and if I turn him away, I shall be guilty of the sin of ingratitude. I therefore concluded to loan him \$200 in good faith sooner than be guilty of ingratitude. He gave me his note for the same, and said, "Whenever you call on me, you shall have the money." Soon after, when I was taken with Carlin's writ, I asked him for the money; but he answered, "I have not got it from St. Louis, but shall have it in a few days." He then said, "Since I saw you, a project has entered my mind, which I think may be profitable both for you and me. I will give you a quit claim deed for all the land you bought of Galland, which is twenty thousand acres. You paid Galland the notes, and ought to have them: they are in my hands as his agent, and I will give them up. I also propose deeding to you one-half of my right to all my land in the Iowa Territory; and all I ask is for you to give your influence to help to build up Keokuk." I answered, "I have not asked for your property: I don't want it, and would not give a snap of my finger for it; but I will receive the papers; and if I find it as you say, I will use my influence to help to build up the place; but I won't give you anything for the land," and told him I wanted the \$200 which was due me. He made out the deeds and gave them to me, and I got them recorded, and he gave up the notes, except a few. I then said to Uncle John, If you go there with the brethren, I will give you the property. But he would not accept it. I then let the same gentleman have some cloth to the amount of \$600 or \$700. He began, soon after, to tell the brethren what obligations I was under to him. I then wrote him a letter on the subject; but I have since found that he is swindling, and that there is no prospect of getting anything from him. He is owing me about \$1,100; and I thought it my duty to publish his rascality, that the Elders might do the same in that Territory, and prevent the brethren from being imposed upon. He has got a writing to this effect, that if he owned as much as he pretended and did as he said, I would give my influence to build up Keokuk, and on no other terms. His name is J. G. Remick. He took this plan to swindle me out of money, cloth, lumber, &c. I want all the congregation to know it. I

was not going to use any influence to have the brethren go to be swindled. My advice is, if they choose, that they come away from Keokuk, and not go there any more. It is not a good location.

I am not so much a "Christian" as many suppose I am. When a man undertakes to ride me for a horse, I feel disposed to kick up and throw him off, and ride him. David did so, and so did Joshua. My only weapon is my tongue. I would not buy property in Iowa Territory: I consider it stooping to accept it as a gift.

In relation to the half-breed land, it is best described by its name—it is half-breed land; and every wise and judicious person, as soon as he can dispose of his effects, if he is not a half-breed, will come away. I wish we could exchange some half-breeds and let them go over the river. If there are any that are not good citizens, they will be finding fault to-morrow at my remarks, and that is the key-word whereby you may know them. There is a chance in that place for every abomination to be practised on the innocent, if they go; and I ask forgiveness of all whom I advised to go there. The men who have possession have the best title; all the rest are forms for swindling. I do not wish for the Saints to have a quarrel there.

President J. Smith stated that the next business was to settle difficulties where Elders have had their licenses taken away, &c., or their membership. But whilst they were preparing, if there was any such case, he would talk on other subjects.

The question has been asked, Can a person not belonging to the Church bring a member before the High Council for trial? I answer, No. If I had not actually got into this work and been called of God, I would back out. *But I cannot back out:* I have no doubt of the truth. Were I going to prophesy, I would say the end will not come in 1844, 5, or 6, or forty years. There are those of the rising generation who shall not taste death till Christ comes.

I was once praying earnestly upon this subject, and a voice said unto me, "My son, if thou livest until thou art eighty-five years of age, thou shalt see the face of the Son of Man." I was left to draw my own conclusions concerning this; and I took the liberty to conclude that if I did live to that time, he would make his appearance. But I do not say whether he will make his appearance or I shall go where he is. I prophesy in the name of the Lord God, and let it be written—The Son of Man will not come in the clouds of heaven till I am eighty-five years old. Then read the 14th chapter of Revelations, 6th and 7th verses—"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the

everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come." And Hosea, 6th chapter, After two days, &c.,—2,520 years; which brings it to 1890. The coming of the Son of Man never will be—never can be till the judgments spoken of for this hour are poured out; which judgments are commenced. Paul says, "Ye are the children of the light, and not of the darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief in the night." It is not the design of the Almighty to come upon the earth and crush it and grind it to powder, but he will reveal it to his servants the Prophets.

Judah must return, Jerusalem must be rebuilt, and the Temple, and water come out from under the Temple, and the waters of the Dead Sea be healed. It will take some time to build the walls of the city and the Temple, &c.; and all this must be done before the Son of Man will make his appearance. There will be wars and rumours of wars, signs in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, the sun turned into darkness and the moon to blood; earthquakes in divers places, the seas heaving beyond their bounds; then will appear one grand sign of the Son of Man in heaven. But what will the world do? They will say it is a planet, a comet, &c. But the Son of Man will come as the sign of the coming of the Son of Man, which will be as the light of the morning cometh out of the east.

Choir sang a hymn.

Prayer by W. W. Phelps.

Adjourned at six p.m., until to-morrow morning.

Friday, 7th. Conference convened at 10 a.m.

Singing, prayer by Elder O. Hyde, and singing.

President Joseph stated that the next business in order was to listen to appeals of Elders, &c.; but none appeared. He was rather hoarse from speaking so long yesterday, and therefore said he would use the boys' lungs to-day.

The next business in order was to appoint some Elders on missions.

Voted that Jedediah M. Grant be sent to preside over the Church at Philadelphia.

Voted that Joshua Grant be sent to preside over the Church at Cincinnati.

Voted that Pelatiah Brown go to the village of Palmyra, in New York, and raise up a Branch of the Church.

The Temple Committee were called up for trial.

William Clayton said, Some may expect I am going to be a means of the downfall of the Temple Committee. It is not so; but I design to show that they have been partial. Elder Higbee has overrun the amount allowed by the Trustees about one-fourth. Pretty much all Elder Higbee's son has received has been in money and store pay. Higbee's son has had nothing credited on his tithing. William F. Cahoon has paid all his tenth: the others of Cahoon's sons have had nothing to their credit on tithing. The Committee have had a great amount of store pay. One man, who is labouring continually, wanted twenty-five cents in store pay when his family were sick; but Higbee said he could not have it. Pulaski S. Cahoon was never appointed boss over the stone-cutting shop, but was requested to keep an account of labour in it. During the last six months very little means have been brought into the Temple Committee. There are certain individuals in this city who are watching every man who has anything to give the Temple, to get it from him and pay for the same in his labour.

Alpheus Cutler said he did not know of any wrong he had done. If any one would show it, he would make it right.

The Conference voted him clear.

Reynolds Cahoon said, This is not an unexpected matter for me to be called up. I do not want you to think I am perfect. Somehow or other, since Elder Cutler went up into the Pine country, I have, from some cause, been placed in very peculiar circumstances. I think I never was placed in so critical a position since I was born. When President Smith had goods last summer, we had better property; goods would not buy corn without some cash: instead of horses, &c, we took store pay. I have dealt out meal and flour to the hands to the last ounce, when I had not a morsel of meal, flour, or bread left in my house. If the Trustee, brother Hyrum, or the Twelve, or all of them will examine and see if I have too much, it shall go freely. I call upon the brethren, if they have anything against me, to bring it forward and have it adjusted.

Patriarch Hyrum Smith said, I feel it my duty to defend the Committee as far as I can; for I would as soon go to hell as be a committee-man. I will make a comparison for the Temple Committee. A little boy once told his father he had seen an elephant on a tree: the people did not believe it, but ran out to see what it was: they looked, and it was only an owl.

Reynolds Cahoon said, when brother Cutler was gone, brother Higbee kept the books, and they have found as many mistakes against brother Higbee as in his favour.

The Conference then voted Cahoon clear.

Elias Higbee said, I am not afraid or ashamed to appear before you. When I kept the books, I had much other business on my hands and made some mistakes.

The Conference voted in favour of Elder Higbee unanimously.

President Joseph Smith stated that the business of the Conference had closed, and the remainder would be devoted to instruction. It is an insult to a meeting for persons to leave just before its close. If they must go out, let them go half-an-hour before. No gentleman will go out of meeting just at closing.

Singing by the choir.

Prayer by Elder Brigham Young.

2½ p.m.

Conference called to order.

Singing. Prayer by Elder B. Young. Singing.

Elder O. Pratt delivered a discourse from the prophecy of Daniel on the Ancient of

Days; for a synopsis of which, see *Times and Seasons*, page 204.

While the choir were singing, President Joseph remarked to Elder Rigdon, This day is a millennium within these walls, for there is nothing but peace.

To a remark of Elder O. Pratt's, that a man's body changes every seven years, President Joseph Smith replied, There is no fundamental principle belonging to a human system that ever goes into another in this world or in the world to come: I care not what the theories of men are. We have the testimony that God will raise us up, and he has the power to do it. If any one supposes that any part of our bodies, that is, the fundamental parts thereof, ever goes into another body, he is mistaken.

Singing by the choir. Prayer by Elder John Taylor."

The ice, which had made a bridge across the river since last November, moved away in immense masses.

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

MUCH SPEAKING.—One of the most common and disagreeable habits which Presidents of Branches fall into is that of much speaking. When set off to the best advantage by a first-class orator, it is unbecoming; but when to it is added the imperfections and the non-interestiveness of a bad or indifferent speaker, the habit becomes peculiarly disagreeable to every person of judgment and taste. Men often have an itching to do the very thing for which they are not fit, and will make a hobby-horse to ride to their own discredit and to the general disadvantage. This is a common and natural peculiarity, and there is much deep philosophy of mind's progressive grasping tendency to be gathered from it. But we have now to deal with its illustration, which is often silly and disagreeable. Some men, who are exceedingly skilful in some things and capable of bringing about important results in *their own line*, will experience a childish delight and self-satisfaction in doing very badly a trifle out of their line. Thus it is also with those who fall into the habit of much speaking. Not only is that habit bad in itself, but they have a peculiar knack of making it threadbare and wearing themselves out also. To have the voice of such men eternally ringing in the ears is very monotonous, disagreeable, empty-sounding, and uninteresting.

A fine, commanding person, a handsome and expressive countenance, a fluent, graceful delivery, and a rich, modulative voice are peculiarly pleasing to a general audience. The speaker who is endowed with these personal gifts will even from his first appearance before the public offer strong claims to their favour, and will have considerable

advantage over one not blessed with these personal gifts. Perhaps some of our unreflective readers will wonder what the person, the countenance, the delivery, and voice have to do with public speaking; and they may think it is trifling on our part to mention it. But it is by no means trifling to bring these personal endowments into consideration in treating on the subject of public speakers, and a passing touch upon the point will also enable us to more strongly mark the error of too much speaking. As we have observed, a speaker with these natural gifts will from the first command public favour and have great advantage over one not thus endowed. Indeed, too often the person and manner of the speaker are more highly estimated than good subject, proper treatment, deep thoughts, beautiful or grand ideas, or saving truths. The one fascinates and charms every one, while it is only the few, the thoughtful, the good, the spiritual, and lovers of truth who delight especially in the pure gold and things of real value. These personal attractions, as well with a congregation of Saints as with a public assembly, have greater influence than many are aware of; and the subject and quality of a discourse is too often overlooked or undervalued. A little man, with what the vulgar might consider an unhandsome countenance, with an ungraceful delivery and a bad voice, though his subject may be invaluable, his thoughts deep, his ideas beautiful, his doctrines saving, and his soul inspired; will find it much more difficult to command attention than one possessed of personal but not spiritual attractions; and though the former will live when the other is worn out, yet at first he will be at a disadvantage. Besides this, two men may preach the same discourse, with the same ideas and truths, and yet one seem much superior to the other. The identity of the discourses would hardly be known. The personal attractions of the one, with his good delivery and voice, would give him the advantage; and while the hearers would long to listen to the one again, they would care not, perhaps, if the other were never after to stand before them in the character of a speaker. These considerations ought not to be passed over in treating of the philosophy of discourse and the effectiveness of public speaking. They are based upon the laws of nature, and nature is as potent and sensible in the Church as in the world; and true religion does not leave nature out, but separates it from things unnatural and pernicious. We are not now treating of the advantages of personal attractions of a public speaker merely to show up those advantages and agreeable fascinations to an audience, but rather to show the disadvantages which a man given to much speaking labours under. Let us pass on to that point, then, to give to the Presidents of Branches and our preachers generally an idea of how far to their own detriment, as well as to the loss and annoyance of all, the error of much speaking tends.

A President of a Branch, or any of the Priesthood called to preach, may have a fine, commanding person, a handsome and expressive countenance, a graceful delivery, and a rich, modulative voice, and to this may be added an inexhaustible quantity and variety of subject; he may ever be dealing out grand and beautiful ideas; truth may spring from him like fresh crystal water from a fountain; eloquence may hang on his lips like sweet moisture round the honeycomb, and his tongue may utter notes delightful as those of the warbling lark hovering in the clear blue sky; and yet, if he comes before the same audience too often, his person will seem to lose its commanding bearing, his finely-moulded countenance appear commonplace, his ever-varying expression become monotonous, his graceful mien appear shorn of half its attractions, his delivery seem to lose much of its impassionate power, his melodious voice strike the ear as a discordant instrument, his subject appear exhausted, his variety stale, his ideas unbeautiful, his truths unrefreshing, his eloquence distasteful, and his speech, no matter how divine, seem very earthly. This is often illustrated by sectarian con-

gregations, who submit to hear the same preacher from Sunday to Sunday throughout the year. An unusual crowd will often flock to the chapel when a fresh preacher is to deliver a discourse; and though they may discover that the speaker is inferior to their regular minister, they are refreshed by the change. This peculiarity has some deeper secret than mere curiosity of the people to see fresh faces. How great, then, are the disadvantages which the indifferent speaker labours under who has to appear too often before an audience, and how distasteful he must appear when he is an uninteresting preacher delighting in much speaking!

Every President of a Branch must have felt the disadvantage that a local Elder labours under who has to speak Sunday after Sunday and meeting after meeting. They must be sensible of the difficulty of preaching fifty-two sermons every year. But how much greater must they have felt the task of continually feeding the ever-growing Saints and counselling the living Priesthood in their many important duties, and leading them onward—ever onward. To relieve those who have laboured under the imaginary duty of much speaking, we have repeatedly told the Presidents—meaning particularly those of Branches, that it is their calling to *preside* and *direct*, and not to speak, speak, speak eternally. They have plenty of assistants and mouthpieces. By their much speaking, they also not only lose the power to instruct and edify the Saints, but they dishonour and do injustice to their brethren of the Priesthood who have received the authority and gift of God to preach the Gospel. How often have Presidents who are given to much speaking found that the Saints who once delighted in listening to their voices now no longer do so, and that those who sincerely give them their faith, prayers, and love as brethren cannot help feeling that such Presidents make themselves very “cheap.” Besides this, it tires and wears out the Saints. The meetings grow uninteresting, and they feel careless about attending them; and when they do attend, it is not with the expectation of being fed, delighted, and benefited. They do it from their sense of duty and because their feelings lead them that way, though the character of the meetings be repulsive to them. The Presidents of Branches have often blamed the Saints for this, and “whipped” them severely in consequence. We will, after their long indulgence in this error, correct it, and put the burden upon the right shoulders; for the wrong ones have borne the burden long enough. The fault is not with the Saints, but with the President. It is his duty to make the meetings interesting and attractive, and to draw attendance by the character and spirit of the meetings. It would not be a very difficult matter to get good Saints to attend, if the meetings were worth attending. We all know with what enthusiasm and delight the Saints assemble to hear the Elders at first, until the course taken by the Elders has effectually *tamed* them. Saints that love their religion to such an extent as to pay Tithing and give many other evidences of that love are necessarily willing to attend meetings that are worth attending. They are not to be charged with it. Let the Presidents henceforth take the burden upon themselves, for it belongs to them, and they may with propriety apply to themselves much of the “whipping” which they have administered to others.

We advise our presiding brethren who have fallen into the habit in question to speak less and direct more, and let their words be pointed, timely, and well digested,—rather the gathered honey of the wisdom of the Council of the Branch than their own personal, unadvised views.

There are some who have erred so egregiously in the habit of much speaking, that, as a general thing, they will deliver a short discourse of at least a quarter-of-an-hour's length every Sunday morning or afternoon, and not unfrequently close with a short sermon. The same routine goes on at night, and the same at the week-night

meetings, as well as Council meetings; and withal, the *necessary* (?) speech even at "testimony meetings" often extends to half-an-hour's length. In their anxiety for the benefit of the Saints, they entertain the mistaken notion that it is necessary for them as Presidents of Branches to speak thus often. We believe there are men of great value, deserving the best love of the Saints, who thus err; and they err because they think it necessary. Allow us, brethren, considerately and in love to tell you that it is *not* necessary, and that you thus lower your dignity and make yourselves distasteful. An ungenerous critic would say that in such cases the Saints must be miraculously quick and precocious to digest all the instruction, or the President must "talk" a great deal to no purpose. Why, brethren, the impassionate eloquence of a Demosthenes would be exhausted by such a drain, and the rhetoric of Cicero would be beggared by such a supply. Believe us, brethren, that much speaking is an error at best; and we hope that, for your own good, as well as that of the Saints and the cause, you will correct this disagreeable and pernicious habit.

NOTICE.—Owing to the press of other matter, the compilation of American Antiquities alluded to in No. 42 is deferred till the commencement of the next volume of the *Star*.

THE JOY OF ISRAEL.

BY ELDER GEORGE SWAN.

"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad."—DAVID.

The beautiful and emphatic words of the Psalmist quoted above are calculated to send a thrill of happiness to the heart of every one who has not, according to the so-called wisdom of modern Christendom, spiritualized away the very essence and life of them. We can fancy ourselves in the position of the sweet singer of Israel, while before him passes in rapid succession wave upon wave of prophetic vision, revealing the destiny of Israel until the time when their salvation shall come out of Zion, and their captivity be brought back again. What must have been his feelings when he saw the man of sorrows traversing the streets of Jerusalem and its vicinity, wayworn and sad, an outcast and a wanderer among his brethren, despised and rejected among men, and at length nailed as a malefactor to the cross, amidst the fearful imprecations of the ignorant and wicked multitude—"His blood be upon us and upon our children!" What a feeling of intense agony must have pervaded the bosom of the inspired Psalmist! Yet on the vision-wave rolls, dashing wildly and furiously along. Judah's beautiful city is wasted, the temple consumed by fire, Zion ploughed

as a field, Jerusalem a heap, the people led captive amongst the nations of the earth, becoming a hiss and a byword to them, and persecuted and driven till they had drank doubly at the hand of the Lord for all their iniquity, and the fulfilment of their awful imprecation had been realized to the very letter of the word. What indeed must have been his feelings then, till he saw

"Other pictured scenes in brighter vision rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
On all her mourners' eyes,"

and when, in the words of the Apostle Paul, "there shall come out of Zion the deliverer, who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Notwithstanding, however, the various Scripture admonitions and prophecies before them, how ignorant the Gentiles are concerning the restoration of Israel! They can look upon the literal fulfilment of prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem—they can point the finger to it as being a heap, to Zion as being ploughed as a field, and to the people, who were once beloved of God, but are now a hiss and a byword amongst the nations. But tell them when these things shall come to pass—that, as it

it is written, all Israel shall be saved,—that the Jews shall inherit Palestine as of old,—that the barren rock shall become a garden of delights, and the solitary place a fruitful field,—that the city now desolate shall be built and inhabited,—that ere long the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in its wings to that strange and wayward people,—that the once rejected Messiah shall come in glory and power to sit upon the throne of David,—that all these prophecies, with many others, shall be fulfilled; and what is the result? “Ah!” says the modern spiritualizer, with an incredulous sneer, “These things don’t mean that at all!” Well indeed might Paul exhort them not to be wise in their own conceits; for if God spared not the natural branches, how much less will he spare those who are wild by nature and but a graft in the tame olive tree! But for all that, and the beacon they have in the Jewish nation being broken upon the rock, they heed it not; and, like some infatuated victim of dissipation, they rush blindly on to their destruction, paying no attention to the voice of God in these last days, and heeding not the warning cry of his servants.

But unto you, O Israel, hath the hour of redemption drawn nigh! Unto you, O Jacob, shall the arm of the Lord be revealed! Hark! a voice from the most excellent glory hath again been heard. Truth hath sprung out of the earth, and righteousness hath looked down from heaven. The times of the Gentiles are being fulfilled, and the sayings of the Prophets are coming to pass. What is this we hear? A record of a portion of the house of Israel has come forth from Cumorah’s hill; a Prophet is ordained from the house of Joseph; Zion is being built; the kingdom of God is being established, and it is rolling on in majesty and power, attracting the eyes of all nations. What! can it be that the long-looked-for day is now at hand? Yes: hear it, O ye house of Jacob; give ear unto it, O ye scattered remnants of Israel! The Lord hath indeed set his hand the second time to recover the captivity of his people; and truly, in the pathetic words of your ancient king, your salvation shall come out of Zion; and in the bringing back of your long captivity, “Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.”

LETTER FROM SALT LAKE VALLEY.

(From the “Leigh Chronicle” of Oct. 23.)

The following letter is from Richard Booth, formerly bookkeeper at the Bedford Coal Wharf, Marshland Green. The writer is well known to many of our readers.

Great Salt Lake City,
August 28, 1858.

Dear Friend,—In accordance with the promise I made you and others, I take the present opportunity of giving you some idea of the state and condition of myself and others. I have now been here twelve months, save a few days; and for the time I have been here I think I have been a very close observer both of men and things. We had a very good passage across the sea. There were 816 passengers, all of whom landed safe, except two,—one a child, and the other a woman. We

then travelled on the railway seventeen or eighteen hundred miles to Iowa, where we camped five weeks, something in the manner you see gipsies do in England. We then commenced our journey from Iowa to Florence, which is three hundred miles,—some with waggons and oxen, others with handcarts; and for the first few days you may be sure that our patience was somewhat tried,—those who had waggons especially; for, though we had oxen to all our provisions and luggage, we knew no more about the driving of them and the manner of treating them than any other novices; so the consequence was, we sometimes cried “Haw,” instead of “Gee;” and when they did as we told them, we were vexed with the oxen, vexed with ourselves and all about us. But in the course of three or four days we had learned; and then it began

to be pleasant and agreeable; and as it was through a very fruitful part of the country, we were much delighted. We found in abundance, almost every day, strawberries, raspberries, grapes, and other fruit, which, though they are wild, are sweet and good. We arrived at Florence on the 24th of June, without an accident of consequence. We there got our general outfit for the Plains, and began our journey on the 1st of July. We had then 1,004 miles to travel, the first 500 of which is very abundant in herbage, fruits of various sorts, and fish; then comes the most sterile, barren, desolate country I would wish to see. It would starve a chameleon. Then it began to look a little better, and continued to improve, but not so much as to be arable, when we arrived at the Pacific Springs—that is, the dividing ridge between the waters which flow into the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. It is very near 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Here we felt the first frost. It had been a sultry, hot day, and at night almost too hot to sleep; but in the morning there was ice of the thickness of one-and-a-half inches. At every place on the way we were told that the soldiers of the States were only a short distance behind us; and they tried to prevent us from going onward, but we would not mind them. We finally got to the Valley of the Great Salt Lakes on the 12th of September, and we found the city under martial law. Orders had been given that the soldiers were not to come in before spring, if ever they came in at all. And it is not here the same as it is in England. When Brigham speaks, there needs no law to carry it out: every man considers himself bound to observe and do it well. We kept them out—not by fighting; for though our boys were in the canyons, and round about them so thick that it would have been impossible for an army to have got in, had they tried, all were ordered not to hurt a single one; and though every man could have been used up without danger to any of ours, not a shot was fired from the Mormons. Early in the Spring, the word was, "Move south," and every family went south, and left their houses and furniture and wood piles in such a condition that every building could have been burned in an hour. In this state of things, Commissioners arrived from Government and

found out that what we had been charged with was false. Peace and protection were offered and accepted; we returned to our homes, and are now settled for a short time. Well, you want to know about the people—how many wives they have got, &c., &c. Well, some have none, some one, some as many as seven, and in very rare cases as many as ten. You do not need to say, "He does not know." I know as much as is requisite to be known. Some men have two wives; but I confess they are better men than I am, or they could not do with them. You may be surprised that they agree; so was I: but they do agree, and are happy. Why, in nine cases out of ten, it is the first wife who does the courting and persuades the man to take a second; and she makes it her business to see her happy and comfortable. It could not be done with *English* people anywhere else, nor on any other footing but religion. It is not for lust. A man with six, eight, or ten wives has to restrain himself more than any man in England who has only one; and a man must be good and honourable and virtuous, or he must not have one wife. He cannot play the tyrant as he does in England. He cannot go to a harlot, for there is not one in the Territory. A woman knows her worth too much for that; the men know the consequence too well. The man or woman who does it once never does so any more. We should cut them off the Church in England; here, a little below the ears. The virtue of a woman, with us, is worth the life of a man with you: it is worth a shilling per week. Polygamy is taught—is practised—is believed to be a command from God. The people here are hardy, contented, happy, and free. We do not get the luxuries you get in England; but we get the necessities very easily, except clothing, which is, with some, hard to get at. They have no sheep. Those who have charge labour for the surplus. With regard to the heads, Brigham is a man and a gentleman in the full acceptance of the word; so are the Twelve. As to the people in general, there is not a community on earth this day who will help one another and look after each other's interest as they will here. Some few are not satisfied: they pine after the sugar, the tea, the tobacco, the whiskey; and here we are taught they are not for our good, except

in cases of emergency. There is not an alehouse in all the Territory, and that is 400 miles long and peopled most of the way—set off in settlements according to the range for stock, &c. There is not a settlement in the States richer in flocks and herds of cattle than they are here. Almost every family in this Territory could get up their waggon and move to any distance at a day or two's notice, and would do it at a word from Brigham Young. I have as yet received no letter from our folks; but I hear the papers in England have been teeming with Mormon follies, iniquities, and abominations, &c. Would to God my own native land was as free from them as Utah is! Hundreds of men, women, and children would be made happy. I say nothing about religion: that is between every man and his God. But for honesty, honour, and integrity, give me the people in these valleys. Now, if you would write to me, as I know you can write, and give me the greatest amount of news in the least space, I

should take it as a favour. I have no doubt but I shall come to England some time, but not to stop: that I could not do after having lived here. If ever I do, I shall try to see my old place and the friends and acquaintances I have left. Please give my best regards to Mr. Whitehead and all the firm, and to all my acquaintances in Leigh and neighbourhood.

There may not be much that is new in this; but what there is is just a plain statement of things as they are at present here—not set off either to the best or worst, but matters of fact. The army is 45 miles out of the city. They were not allowed to stop in, but had to march right through without stopping, and are gone to Cedar Valley. I would have written more but for the weight and the cost of carriage. As it is, you must accept this as a small token of regard for yourself and family.

I remain yours most truly,

RICHARD J. BOOTH.

PASSING EVENTS.

GENERAL.—There is a general agitation throughout Asiatic Turkey, and insurrections have taken place at several places: the tribes between Tripoli and Aleppo have revolted. A letter from Jerusalem reports the neighbourhood to be infested with highwaymen and ruffians. The Dutch are operating at Jambia, one of the native states of Sumatra. Toraine has been taken by the allied troops and declared a French territory: the gun-boats destroyed five forts in half-an-hour. Preparations have been made at Cadiz to reinforce the Spanish garrison in Cuba. The underwriters of Hamburg have been severely visited of late by numerous disasters at sea. Cholera has visited Japan and carried off a great number of inhabitants.

VARIETIES.

"SALLY, what time do your folks dine?" "As soon as you go away: that's missus's orders."

It is well to strike the iron while it is hot; but it is sometimes better to strike it till it is hot.

"THE long-disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the music of the Old Hundredth tune has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1759. But in the Cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the Old Hundredth exactly as it is now sung; so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it has been attributed."—*Family Herald*. [We have always understood that the author of the "Old Hundredth" was Martin Luther, who died in 1546.]

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.—A Frenchman newly arrived in London and impatient to see the city, but fearful of not finding his way back to his hotel without having in his possession the name of the street, carefully copied upon a card the English words painted on the wall at the corner of the street in which it was situated. This done, he felt himself safe, and set out for a ramble, much upon the principle vulgarly known as "following one's